THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS
FROM THE GREAT EARL OF CHATHAM.

[The topic of EDUCATION, hackneyed as it has become, is still so momentous and so interesting, whenever brilliant light is shed upon it, by the lamp of wisdom and experience, that the Editor of the Port Folio would be careless of one of the essential objects of his Miscellany, if he did not always, with eagerness communicate to the public whatever is calculated to invigorate the mental powers. Among the various volumes on this subject from Milton's Tractate to Locke's Treatise and Dr. KNOX's admirable system, none is more replete with wisdom, goodness, and every just, generous, and magnanimous sentiment, than a collection of letters, just published under the superintendance of Lord GRENVILLE, and with the concurrence of the right honorable William Pitt, the present Premier of Great-Britain, from the celebrated CHATHAM to his Nephew. These excellent epistles were addressed to *Thomas* Pitt, while at the university of Cambridge; and they exhibit the most lucid proofs of the warmth of their eloquent author's heart, and the soundness of his head. They have for their noble object the formation of a CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, a Beauclerc, with the spirit of a cavalier, the learning of Sir William Jones, the integrity of a Sully, the generosity of a Henry IV, and the piety of a primitive christian. The Editor most fervently hopes that they may become imprinted on the memory of every studious youth in America. They will not, it is true, teach the *Way to Wealth* by the rules of an exciseman's arithmetic, or a pedlar's economy. They will not prepare the youthful mind for Atheism or Fanaticism. On schemes of swindling, they lay no stress, nor do they explode the classical discipline, as the deformity of a monkish age. But all readers, who have not forgotten their ANCESTORS, all who can taste and relish the sweetness of the ancient page, all to whom honour is a habit, and who estimate wisdom and nobleness of mind of higher worth, than *wild land*, or *stock in the Bank of the United States*, will peruse and follow the advice of a CHATHAM. May its influence pervade my country, *that our sons may be as plants, grown up in their youth*, and their manners POLISHED AFTER THE SIMILITUDE OF A PALACE.]

LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM
TO HIS NEPHEW.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following letters were addressed by the late Lord Chatham to his nephew Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. They are few in number, written for the private use of an individual during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subjects to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will undoubtedly be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture, which they display of the character of their author. The editor's wish to do honour to the memory both of the person by whom they were written, and of him to whom they were addressed, would alone have rendered him desirous of making these papers public. But he feels a much higher motive, in the hope of promoting, by such a publication, the inseparable interests of learning, virtue, and religion. By the writers of that school, whose philosophy consists in the degradation of virtue, it has often been triumphantly declared, that no excellence of character can stand the test of close observation; that no man is a hero to his domestic servants, or to his familiar friends. How much more just, as well as more amiable and dignified, is the opposite sentiment, delivered to us in the words of Plutarch, and illustrated throughout all his writings! 'Real virtue,' says that inimitable moralist, 'is most loved, where it is most nearly seen: and no respect which it commands from strangers, can equal the never-ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life.' *Τῆς ἀληθινῆς ἀρετῆς κάλλιστα φάσπλαι τὰ μάλιστα φαινόμενά καὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν οὐδὲν οὕτω θαυμάσιον τοῖς ἰκτὸς, ὡς ὁ καθ' ἡμέραν βίος τοῖς συνοῦσιν.*

PLUT. VIT. PERICLIS.

The following correspondence, imperfect as it is, (and who will not lament that many more such letters are not preserved?) exhibits a great orator, statesman and patriot, in one of the most interesting relations of private society. Not, as in the cabinet or senate, enforcing by a vigorous and commanding eloquence, those councils to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory; but implanting with parental kindness into the mind of an ingenuous youth, seeds of wisdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a most accomplished man: directing him to the acquisition of knowledge,* as the best instrument of action; teaching him by the cultivation of his reason, to strengthen and establish in his heart those principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it; and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude, and obedience to God, as the only sure groundwork of every human duty!

What parent, anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honorable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace with transport any opportunity of listening on such a subject to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him. Not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard.

On that disposition and character the editor forbears to enlarge. Their best panegyric will be found in the following pages. Lord Camelford is there described such as Lord Chatham judged him in the first dawn of his youth, and such as he continued to his latest hour. The same suavity of manners, and steadiness of principle, the same correctness of judgment, and integrity of heart, distinguished him through life; and the same affectionate attachment from those who knew him best has followed him beyond the grave.

Quæ Gratia vivo——
—Eadem sequitur tellure repôstum!

Of the course of study which these letters recommend, little can be necessary to be said by their editor. He is however anxious that a publication, calculated to produce extensive benefit, should not in any single point mislead even the most superficial reader: nor would he, with all the deference which he owes to the authority of Lord Chatham, willingly appear to concur in the recommendation or censure of any works, on which his own judgment is materially different from that, which he is now the instrument of delivering to the world.

It will be obvious to every reader on the slightest perusal of the following letters, that they were never intended to comprize a perfect system of education, even for the short portion of time to which they relate. Many points in which they will be found deficient, were undoubtedly supplied by frequent opportunities of personal intercourse, and much was left to the general rules of study established at an English university. Still less therefore should the temporary advice addressed to an individual, whose previous education had laboured under some disadvantage, be understood as a general dissuasive from the cultivation of Grecian literature. The sentiments of Lord Chatham were in direct opposition to any such opinion. The manner in which, even in these letters, he speaks of the first of poets, and the greatest of orators; and the stress which he lays on the benefits to be derived from their immortal works, could leave no doubt of his judgment on this important point. That judgment was afterwards most unequivocally manifested, when he was called upon to consider the question with a still higher interest, not only as a friend and guardian, but also as a father.

A diligent study of the poetry, the history, the eloquence, and the philosophy of Greece, an intimate acquaintance with those writings which have been the admiration of every age, and the models of all succeeding excellence, would undoubtedly have been considered by him as an essential part of any general plan for the education of an English gentleman, born to share in the councils of his country. Such a plan must also have comprized a much higher progress, than is here traced out, in mathematics, in the science of reason, in natural,* and in moral philosophy;

* Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit; non ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, sed quo firmior adversùs fortuita Rem publicam capesseret.

* A passage has been quoted above from the Life of Pericles. The editor cannot refrain from once more referring his reader to the same beautiful work, for the description of the benefits which that great statesman derived from the study of natural philosophy.

The lessons of Anaxagoras, says our author, gave elevation to his soul, and sublimity to his eloquence; they diffused over the whole tenor of his life a temperate and majestic grandeur; taught him to raise his thoughts from the works of nature to the contemplation of that *Perfect* and *Pure Intelligence* from which they originate; and, (as Plutarch expresses it, in words that might best describe a Christian philosopher) instilled into his mind, instead of the dark and fearful superstition of his times, that piety which is confirmed by Reason and animated by Hope: *ἀντὶ τῆς φοβερᾶς καὶ φλεγμαινούσης δεισιδαιμονίας τὴν ἀσφαλῆ μετ' ἐλπίδων ἀγαθῶν εὐσέβειαν ἐνεργάζεται.*

including in the latter the proofs and doctrines of that revelation, by which it has been perfected. Nor would the work have been considered by him as finished, until on these foundations there had been built an accurate knowledge of the origin, nature, and safeguards of government and civil liberty; of the principles of public and municipal law; and of the theory of political, commercial, financial, and military administration; as resulting from the investigations of philosophy, and as exemplified in the lessons both of ancient and of modern history.

'I call that,' says Milton, 'a complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.'

This is the purpose to which all knowledge is subordinate; the test of all intellectual and all moral excellence. It is the end to which the lessons of Lord Chatham are uniformly directed. May they contribute to promote and encourage its pursuit! Recommended, as they must be, to the heart of every reader, by their warmth of sentiment and eloquence of language; deriving additional weight from the affectionate interest, by which they were dictated; and most of all enforced by the influence of his own great example, and by the authority of his venerable name.

Dropmore, Dec. 3, 1803.

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LETTER I.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sounds, and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the Eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example, Nos Patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva, Nos Patriam fugimus. Tu Tityre lentus in umbrâ Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas. We leave our native land, these fields so sweet, Our country leave: At ease, in cool retreat, You Thyrsis bid the woods fair Daphne's name repeat. I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write smoaks in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leach to carry you quite through Virgil's Æneid from beginning to ending. Pray shew him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's Fables in particular. I am not sure, if they are not called Tales instead of Fables. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake, if you will, has read Virgil's Æneid quite through, and much of Horace's Epistles. Terence's plays I would also desire Mr. Leach to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good that I have nothing to wish but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child.

Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER II.

Bath, October 12, 1751.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath, but very lately, after making a considerable circuit to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt you will become a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's Iliad; and have made so great a progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much: they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and in one word, virtue in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: Ille Impiger hausit spumantem Pateram.

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection,
My dear child,
Your loving uncle.

LETTER III.

Bath, January 12, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and above all I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. Macte tuâ Virtute: Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. Vitanda est Improba Siren, Desidia, I desire may be affixt to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society, to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave, therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things, as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read. They are as follows: Euclid; a course of Logic; a course of experimental Philosophy; Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; his Treatise also on the Understanding; his Treatise on Government, and Letters on Toleration. I desire, for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil: of Horace the Odes, but above all, the Epistles and Ars Poetica. These parts, Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ. Tully de Officiis, de Amicitiâ, de Senectute. His Catilinarian Orations and Philippics. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgment of the History of England to be run through in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings; proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with great care. Father Paul on beneficiary Matters, in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request that you will forbear drawing, totally, while you are at Cambridge: and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French: nor to meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things, of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

Believe me,
With the truest affection,
My dear nephew,
Ever yours.

Keep this letter and read it again.

[*To be Continued.*]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

This single extract, among so many others, would be sufficient to make us feel all the flexibility of the talents of Cicero. It was necessary to throw out of the balance of justice, the weight, which such a name as that of Cato might have in it. He dares to employ ridicule against it; but, if he had not known, how to blunt the point of it, they would not have tolerated him, in making use of it against a man so revered. The cause of Cato would have become that of all honest men, and even of those, who were not such: for, when virtue is generally acknowledged, even those, who love it not, would have it respected: this is a homage, which costs but little, and engages to nothing. With what ability, with what address, he separates the person of Cato, from his doctrines! how he sports gently with one, without weakening in any thing the veneration, which was due to the other! his strokes, in falling on the stoicism of Cato, never reach him; it is, in overwhelming him with panegyricks, that he takes away from him, without being perceived, all the authority of his opinion. For, from the moment that he succeeded in raising a smile, without offending him, gravity lost all its power; there was no longer any room for it. Accordingly, Cato himself could not preserve his own; he could not himself refrain from smiling, at the portrait which Cicero drew of the stoical rigour; and, half laughing and half scolding, he said, on going out of the audience: In truth, we have a very merry consul.

They were such morsels as these, by which the orator moderated, as far as he could, the austerity of judiciary discussions; they were this sort of episodes, always happily placed, which relaxed the judges, from the fatigues of the quarrels at the bar, the bitterness of juridical controversies, and the bawlings of the advocates. It was this that rendered the eloquence of Cicero so agreeable to the Romans, and caused to be collected with so much avidity, all his harrangues, as soon as he had pronounced them. No man ever possessed, in the same degree, the art of diffusing charms over matters of the dryest nature; and the true criterion of superiority, is, to be able thus to render himself master of every subject, and to know, in treating of all the varieties, how to seize the tone and the measure of all.

He practiced the same skill again, in pleading the cause of Archias, a celebrated Greek poet, whose title, as a Roman citizen, was very improperly contested. He was born at Antioch; but he had received the rights of a citizen at Heraclea, an allied city, which enjoyed the privileges of Roman citizenship. The archives of this city had been burnt in the time of the social war; and eight and twenty years afterwards, one Gratius, an enemy of Archias, would turn against him this accident, which deprived him of the proof of his title. Fortunately he had in his favour the testimony of Lucullus, whose protection had procured him this favour from the inhabitants of Heraclea. He was defended by Cicero; and the orator informs us, in his exordium, of the rights, which the poet had to his friendship, and even to his gratitude. It is a general observation, that Cicero, in every cause he argues, commences, by establishing the personal motives, which determined him to espouse it; and the pains he takes, in laying the foundation well, prove, that independently of the cause itself, there were other individual proprieties to be observed, that he might undertake, with general approbation, the part of an accuser, or a defender. It was, for men of consideration, a public function, frequently connected with the interest of the state, very different from that croud of little private law-suits, which the orators of reputation, and the men in office, abandoned to subaltern advocates, to those, who are designated in Latin by a word, which signifies, pleaders of causes, *causidici*. The prosecution of Archias, seemed to be of this last description. It presented only the discussion of a simple fact, which depended, chiefly, on the evidence of testimony, and required only a few minutes of discussion. The discourse of Cicero is not more, than the reading of half an hour, and the fact itself, occupies less than four pages. The rest is an eulogium on poetry and letters, the advantages and pleasures to be derived from them, and the honours, which are due to them. It seems, that Cicero, who, every where, makes profession of an extreme love of poetry, and of those who cultivate it, must have been very happy, to have such an opportunity of presenting them his homage. It was very flattering to Archias, to undertake his defence. We shall soon see, that this conduct does no less honour to the character of Cicero, than to the merit of his client.

The distance, between a Roman consul and a Greek poet, was very great, and the causes demanded not the efforts of an orator. Accordingly, the harrangue has scarcely any thing in common with those of the judiciary kind. It resembles much more the demonstrative; and, after having seen Cicero in the sublime and the simple, I have chosen this morsel, as an example of that tempered style, which is characterised by grace, by sweetness, and embellishment.

"If I have any talents, Judges, (and I feel how few they are); any habits of speaking, (and, I acknowledge, they are no more than common); any knowledge in the art of oratory, drawn from the study of letters, which have never been strangers to me, in any part of my life, I am indebted to Licinius Archias, for all these advantages, whatever they may be, and he has a right, to require the fruit and reward of them. As far as my memory can return upon past times, and my earliest years, I perceive him directing my first studies, and introducing me into the course I have pursued, and, if my voice, confirmed and encouraged by his instructions, has been sometimes useful to my fellow citizens, I ought, indubitably, as far as in me lies, to assist him, who has put me in a condition to serve others. What I now say, may surprise those, who attend only to the difference, which they perceive between the nature of my labours, and those of Archias; but eloquence has not been my only study, and all the arts, which relate to the cultivation of the understanding, have with each other a near relation, and belong to the same family.

"Perhaps, also, they may be surprised, that, in a question of law, in a prosecution, which is argued in public, before a Prætor so distinguished, and Judges of such gravity, in presence of so numerous an assembly, I employ a language wholly different from that of the bar; but it is a liberty, which I expect from the indulgence of my Judges, and, I hope, it will not displease them. The character of the accused, a man of letters, an excellent poet, whose leisure and whose labours have always been at an equal distance from the altercations and the noise of the tribunals; the concourse of men of letters, who are drawn together by his cause; your taste for the fine arts, which he cultivates, and that of the magistrate, who presides over this trial; all authorise me, to believe, that you will allow me to depart a little from the ordinary method; and, if I obtain from you this favour, I flatter myself, I shall demonstrate, that, not only Archias ought not to be cut off from the number of our fellow citizens, but even if he were not one, he would deserve now to be admitted.

"Born of a noble family of Antioch, a city anciently celebrated and oppulent, full of learned men, and flourishing in arts and letters, Archias had scarcely completed the studies of infancy, when his writing placed him in the first rank. Very soon he became so celebrated in Asia and in Greece, that his arrival in every city, became a festival; the expectation and curiosity he excited, exceeded his renown; and when they had heard him, this expectation was even exceeded by their admiration.

"Grecian literature was thus diffused throughout Italy, cultivated in all the Latin cities, more than they are at this day, and favoured in Rome itself, by the tranquility which the Republic enjoyed. The people of Tarentum, of Rhegium, and of Naples, were zealous to honour Archias with the rights of citizenship, and with rewards of every kind; and all those, who were qualified to judge of talents, regarded him as a man, whose adoption did them honour.

"Marius and Catulus were consuls when he came to Rome, where his reputation had arrived before him. He there found two great men, one of whom might furnish him great actions to celebrate; the other, uniting with the glory of military exploits, a good taste, and great knowledg, was worthy to hear him, who could sing them. Archias, already clothed with the pretextal robe, was received in the house of Lucullus; and he owes, not only to his genius and writings, but also to his character and manners, this honourable advantage, that the house, in which his youth was entertained, is still, at this day, the asylum of his old age. He was welcome to Metellus, the Numidian, and his son; Emillius heard him with pleasure; he lived with the two Catuli, father and son; Lucius Crassus cultivated his acquaintance; he was closely connected with the whole family of Lucullus, Hortensius, Octavius, Drusus, and Cato; and it is, moreover, an honour for him, that, among those, who sought his friendship, some were influenced by taste, and, because they knew how to value and enjoy his talents, and others wished to make a merit of it."

[*To be continued.*]

[*FROM A FOREIGN JOURNAL.*]

CRITICISM

On Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D. D.

Dr. Blair has analysed some of the compositions of Atterbury, Swift, and Addison; and his observations on their inelegant and ungrammatical expressions will be useful to every one, who wishes to write the English language with purity and precision. We hope therefore he will excuse us, if we take the liberty to point out SOME of the inaccuracies, which we have observed in these Lectures.

We shall not always attempt to correct his expressions, as it may frequently be necessary to alter the structure of the sentence; and in some cases, the best emendation is not to substitute one word for another, but to omit the whole period, or at least the most exceptionable part of it.

'*Terms* and *phrases*, which border too much on *vulgar* and *colloquial* language, to be proper for being employed in a polished composition.' p 427, 4to. edit.

Bating these two slight inaccuracies, 458. *Bating* this expression, there is nothing that can

be subject to the least reprehension. 480. ii. 294. 437.—*Excepting* is preferable to *bating* in these passages.

Neither are the abilities of any human writer sufficient to supply a continued *run* of unmixed sublime conceptions. 76.—a continued *series*.

In this, and other instances, a more attentive review may probably suggest better emendations than those, which we shall occasionally subjoin.

This general idea must direct the *run* of our composition. 265.—the *tenor* of our composition; or, the *modulation* of our periods.

Such attentions as these are requisite in the common *run* of style. 285.—requisite in *composition*.

A sentiment, which is expressed in a period clearly, neatly, and happily arranged, makes always a stronger impression on the mind, than one that is *any how* feeble or embarrassed. 245. —in *any respect* feeble.

If these be *any how* connected. 333.

The French language surpasses ours, *by far*, in expressing the nicer shades of character. 174. —*by far* may be omitted.

More instances of the true language of nature *can* [may] be quoted from Shakespeare, than from all other tragic poets *put together*. ii. 511. —all other tragic poets *united*.

We are *every now* and *then* interrupted by unnatural thoughts. ii. 523.

Some circumstance *pops out*, which ought to have been omitted. 253.—*appears*.

When, to our surprise, a new MEMBER *pops out* upon us. 490.—*presents itself*, or *appears*.

Agamemnon *pitches upon* Briseis. ii. 429.—*demands* Briseis.

All *pitch upon* some one beauty. 28. I *pitched upon* it for the subject of this exercise. 495. He *pitched upon* the war of Troy. ii. 408. Some great enterprize, which he *pitches* upon. ii. 409. *Pitch upon* some moving and interesting story. ii. 480.—*Choose*, or, *select*.

Eloquence rejoices in the *bursts* of loud applause. ii. 35.—rejoices in loud applause.

Poetry included then the whole *burst* of the human mind. ii. 322.—the whole *effusion* of the human mind, or all the *productions*, &c.

The response is made by the *burst* of the whole chorus. ii. 390.—by the whole chorus.

It is the *burst* of inspiration. ii. 399.—the *language* of inspiration.

More instructive to the *bulk* of hearers. ii. 170. The *bulk* of readers. ii. 287. 347. 356—The *generality*.

Milton has *chalked out* for himself a new road in poetry. ii. 471.

No subject *bids fairer* for being favourable to poetry. ii. 337.—*seems* to be more favourable. To *bid fair* is a vulgarism.

What is called the *antepenult*. 173. To rest either on a long, or on a *penult* long syllable. 260, &c.—The word *penult* is an abbreviation, as barbarous as *phyz* and *plenipo*.

AUKWARD PHRASES.

This much may suffice to have said concerning witticism. 40. *This much* is sufficient to have said upon the subject of beauty. 91. *Before concluding* this lecture. 79. A sick or *drunk* person. 74.

The most useful art, *of* which men are *possessed*. 125.—It would be much better, in general, to use this verb in the active form: 'which men *possess*.

In order to extend *some farther* the first method. 128. The first rude inventors of language would be long *of* arriving at such general terms. 151. The excuse can rarely, if ever, be *sustained*. 185. With respect to this distribution, *somewhat* singular hath obtained in the structure of language. 145. Which is left *lagging* behind, like a *tail* adjected to the sentence; *somewhat* that, as Mr. Pope describes the Alexandrine line,

'Like a wounded snake, draws its slow length along.'
223.——

I just express my thoughts in the simplest manner *possible*. 273. A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest *possible* words. 371. Only *before* proceeding to this. 276. It is the sentiment or passion, which lies under the figured expression, that gives it *any* merit. 277.

Make the application of it *be understood*. 210. To make his subject *be* better *understood*. 344.—To *illustrate* his subject.

He was fonder of *nothing* than of wit and raillery. 397. In his reasonings, *for most* part, he is flimsy and false. 400. 451. For *in place of meaning* to say, that the Latin spoken in Britain was not so debased as *what* was spoken in Gaul and Spain, he means just the contrary. 485. In order to make it *be* distinctly apprehended. 488. *Before entering* on any of these heads. ii. 1. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has given us upon the orations of Isocrates, *as also* upon those of some other Greek orators, a full and regular treatise. ii. 17. The disguise can *almost never* be so perfect, *but* it is discovered. ii. 55. 330. But *for* the truths of religion, *with* the greater simplicity and the less mixture of art they are set forth, they are likely to prove the more successful. ii. 104. Some things, which he may *only shortly* touch. ii. 110. The extreme of *overdoing* in accuracy. ii. 118. I would *advise it* to be always treated with brevity. ii. 131.

The French writers of sermons study neatness and elegance in *laying down their heads*. ii. 171.—The author means, *in the division of their subjects*.

The middle pitch is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should use *for ordinary* in public discourse. ii. 206.—*For ordinary* is a Scotticism.

He who should tell another that he was very angry, or *very grieved*. ii. 217. Nature must always have done *somewhat*. ii. 228. That *profession* to which he *addicts* himself. ii. 234. It may be fit, therefore, that *before proceeding* farther, I make some observations. ii. 247. When an historian is much *given* to dissertation. ii. 270. Fewer had the means and opportunities of distinguishing themselves *than now*. ii. 255. We *will* read him without pleasure, or most probably we shall soon *give over* to read him at all. ii. 274. They are *much formed* upon the ancients. ii. 283. She *broke into* a smile, *as if* she had *seemed* to say, I will wear you, &c. ii. 351. He must *reckon upon* finding characters. ii. 429.

The best French tragedies make not a deep *enough* impression on the heart. ii. 518.—do not make a *sufficient* impression.

The plays of Plautus and Terence, both of *whom* were *formed upon* the Greek writers. ii. 537. —*The plays*, *which* were formed.

REDUNDANCIES.—'Sentences, as the author rightly observes, should be cleared of redundant words, and redundant members.' p. 227.

The small stock of words, which men *as yet* possessed. 106. Let us proceed to consider *of* the style of language, 111. The main design of this lecture is to consider *of* the means to be used for improvement in eloquence. ii. 228. To unite *together* copiousness and precision. 203. Going before them, or following *after* them. 281. What goes before, and immediately follows *after*. 293. 415. What goes before may give light to what follows *after*. ii. 169. Inserted into what follows *after*. ii. 262. The more exactly *that* this track is pursued, the more *that* eloquence is properly studied, the more shall we be guarded, &c. ii. 5. Provided always *that* so much unity be preserved. ii. 109. He must always take care, that *any* such allusions be natural and easy. ii. 116. But *for you*, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself. ii. 126. It must needs give pleasure, if we *shall* find the beauty and dignity of the composition adequate to the weight and importance of the matter. ii. 385. The more *that* this unity is rendered sensible to the imagination, the effect will be the better. ii. 413. The nearer *that* a poet can bring the representation to an imitation of nature, the impression will be the more perfect. ii. 510.

PASSAGES, in which things are supposed to be in ONE CLASS, and, at the same time, represented as belonging to ANOTHER.

The relations, which, of all *others*, we have the most frequent occasion to mention. 150. The relations which, of all *others*, is *by far* the most fruitful of tropes. 293. Our past misfortunes afford a circumstance, the most favourable of all *others*, to our future hopes. ii. 63. Sure of acquiring that fame, and even veneration, which is, of all *other* rewards, the greatest incentive to genius. ii. 255.

The SUPERLATIVE degree instead of the COMPARATIVE.

Which of these two methods is of the *greatest* utility and beauty. 152. Of the two it is the *safest* extreme. 217. When our sentence consists of two members, the *longest* should, generally, be the concluding one. 238. It remains, to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults be *greatest*. ii. 523.

DOUBLE COMPARATIVES.

Lesser differences. 27. Attend to all the *lesser* and more refined graces. 43. ii. 22. The *lesser* forms of poetry. ii. 335.—*Lesser* is a corruption of *less*; but the author has innumerable authorities for the use of it.

Adjectives having a SUPERLATIVE signification, improperly used in a COMPARATIVE sense, or compared by *more* and *most*.

The characters of taste, when brought to its *most perfect* state, are reducible to two, delicacy and correctness. 23.—*Most perfect*, though a common, is not an eligible expression; because *perfect*, being an absolute term, cannot with *strict* propriety be used comparatively. In this passage it would be better to say, its *perfect*, or, its most *improved* state.

Nothing that belongs to human nature is *more universal* than the relish of beauty. 17. The foundation, upon which they rest, is what has been found from experience to please mankind *most universally*. 31. We can conceive no motive, which would *more universally* operate upon men. 102. The vehement manner of speaking by tones and gestures became not *so universal*. 116. Music is known to have been a more extensive art among them, than it is with us; *more universally* studied. 252. The practice of reading sermons has prevailed *so universally* in England. ii. 43. Nothing has *so* great and *universal* a command over the minds of men as virtue. ii. 230. The reputation of *great* ancient classics being so early, so lasting, *so universal*, among all the most polished nations. ii. 252. Thuanus has, by attempting to make the history of his own times *too universal*, fallen into the same error. ii. 266.—We may say, more *general*, more *extensive*, &c. but we cannot, with any propriety, say *more universal*.

ADJECTIVES instead of ADVERBS.

We can *much easier* form the conception of a fierce combat between two men, than between a bull and a tiger. 351.—We can *more easily*.

It might be requisite for them to be *exceeding* full. ii. 110.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

ON THE UTILITY OF AMUSEMENTS TO OLD AGE.

It is a natural conclusion from the shortness of life, that none of it should be thrown away; and it is therefore thought wonderful, that there should be many contrivances, to abbreviate the duration of what is confessed already to be too much circumscribed. Now pastimes, of all kinds, are considered as contrivances, to wear away time without reflection, and are therefore censured by severe philosophy, as arguing absurdity in man, who is forever lamenting the brevity of his existence. But, as man is constituted, it must be denied, that the time spent in amusement, is always thrown away; and, perhaps, time thus spent, will be found to lengthen, rather than to abbreviate our duration.

It contributes, when under the restraint of moderation, to confirm health and exhilarate the spirits; both which effects of it not only become causes of long life, but also enable a man to act with vigour and efficacy in the employments of a profession, and in the common duties of society. Thus it not only renders life more comfortable, but more useful.

It is, however, true, that, in the vigorous seasons of youth and health, some serious and important employment should be engaged in, which may serve society, advance the interests of a family, or elevate the meritorious individual in the ranks of civil life.

But in old age, when these ends shall have been accomplished, and infirmities begin to increase,* the active mind will still require an object, and the object ought to be of such a kind, as agitates moderately, not like the storm, but like the gentle breeze of a fine summer evening.

Hobby-horses are very desirable at all ages; but necessary in old age, when the sources of amusement begin to fail. It was this, which induced the sensible and experienced Geron to keep an aviary. He had relinquished a busy life, and retired from London to a little country town, where, though there was an agreeable neighbourhood, there were few diversions but those of cards; which, notwithstanding he liked them very well, could not occupy all his time and attention. They are chiefly a winter, and an evening amusement, and he wanted some pastime, besides reading, for the summer and for his mornings. He therefore built a little room in his garden, and fitted it up, with admirable contrivance, as an aviary. The building of it, the conveniences, and the improvements, which he was continually adding, caused him much pleasure: and it soon became an object of high ambition, to breed the most beautiful Canary birds. He succeeded in his attempts, and, more than once, carried the prize, given by a society of bird-fanciers, for producing a bird of the finest plumage. He taught bullfinches to pipe a tune, and made them presents to his friends, as instances of singular favour. He reared nightingales from the nest, and attended them with all a parent's solicitude. The delicate, the elegant woodlark was one of his first favourites, and he listened with fresh delight, when his birds warbled their morning-melody, which he fancifully considered as songs of gratitude and love to himself, in return for food and protection.

But, that he might secure variety, which is necessary to add a zest to amusement, he has added several other hobby-horses to this his first favourite. He has acquired a taste for tulips, and prides himself, on making a more beautiful display of this gaudy flower in the month of May, than any florist in his vicinity. I called it a gaudy flower; but I speak like an inelegant spectator, when I use a contemptuous epithet in mentioning it; for, though to a common eye, a bed of tulips presents only a glare of vivid colours, to a connoisseur it exhibits peculiar elegance, as well as finery. Geron views his tulips with the affection and complacency of a lover.

The garden affords him many sources of amusement. He attends not indeed to the olitory, and his strength will not permit him to take an active part in the labours of horti-culture. But he has a small green-house, to every part of which he gives a daily attention; and its various beauty amply repays him, as indeed nothing is more grateful, in return for care and labour, than the tribe of vegetables.

To add to his amusements, he has stocked a fish-pond in a meadow adjoining to his little garden; and, instead of taking out all the fish at once, by emptying the pond, or drawing it, which is the usual practice of country gentlemen, he makes a rule, that no fish shall be caught out of it, but by angling, which he thinks the only fair method of fishing, among those who fish for diversion. His strength will not permit him to follow the piscatory sport in the river, as he can neither stand long, nor walk a great way; and he has the sense, wherever he cannot accommodate the nature of the diversion to himself, to submit himself to the nature of the diversion.

He has many little amusements in the house, as well as in the aviary, the garden, and canal. As he is properly disposed in religious matters, the reading of the Scriptures, with a comment, and of pious books of the best characters, fills up, agreeably as well as usefully, an hour or two every day; but more especially, when the weather is rainy, or in any respect, inclement and unpleasant.

Visits, and cards, in moderation, contribute to enliven his time in an agreeable vicissitude; and, the consequence of his wise distribution of his leisure hours, he enjoys a cheerfulness, which contributes, perhaps, more than any thing else, to health and longevity.

His neighbour Bibo ridicules his amusements as trifling and puerile. Bibo is nearly as old as Geron; but he is not yet free from youthful vanity. He is an old beau, sportsman, gamester, and bottle companion; but his infirmities often prevent him from acting in these characters; and when, on a good day, (as he calls it, whenever he is tolerably well) he attempts them, he never acquits himself to his own satisfaction. Old age, and the depredations of time, are his great complaint. He has no resource in himself, and cultivates no taste for domestic and harmless diversions. He mopes over the fire, in the morning, and the bottle, in the afternoon. Melancholy and bodily disease, increased by indolence and excess, accelerate the evils, and aggravate the pains, of age.

How happy would Bibo have been, if he had condescended to give up the gravity of the gamester, and the affectation of the beau, and adopted a taste for some innocent hobby-horse, which he now despises as too childish and unimportant to deserve his notice.

* Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat. Hor.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAITS OF BONAPARTE.

BY VARIOUS PAINTERS.

Bonaparte is rather below the middle size, somewhat inclined to stoop and thin in person; but, though of a slight make, he appears to be muscular, and capable of fatigue; his forehead is broad and shaded by dark brown hair, which is cut short behind; his eyes, of the same colour, are full, quick and prominent; his nose is aquiline, his chin protuberant and pointed; his complexion of a yellow hue; and his cheeks hollow. His countenance, which is of a melancholy cast, expresses much sagacity and reflection; his manner is grave and deliberate, but at the same time open. On the whole, his aspect announces him to be of a temperate and phlegmatic disposition, but warm and tenacious in the pursuit of his object, and impatient of contradiction.

Paris as it was, and as it is.

The first consul is a well made little man with fine teeth and hands, black eyes, and a nose somewhat approaching to the Roman; complexion very sallow, and cheeks sunk in; features sharp. He wears his dark brown hair combed down in front, and cropped very short behind and round the ears. He keeps a firm and graceful seat on horseback, and his person is then seen to most advantage. He has an intelligent spirit in his countenance, and an eye that bespeaks an uncommon mind. At the grand parade he generally wears a plain cocked hat and blue coat with a scarlet collar, white waistcoat and nankeen or white kerseymere pantaloons with half boots. His white charger was the trained favourite of Louis the sixteenth.

Morrice's View of Modern France.

As he passed several times before the window where I sat, I had ample opportunity to examine his countenance, his figure, his dress and his manner. His complexion is uncommonly sallow, his countenance expressive but stern, his figure little but well made, and his whole person, like the mind which it contains, singular and remarkable. If I were compelled to compare him to any one, I should name Kemble the actor. Though Bonaparte is much less in size and less handsome than that respectable performer, yet in the construction of the features and in the general expression there is a strong resemblance. There is, however, such originality about the appearance of the first consul, that, without having seen him, it is difficult to form an idea of his person. The bust of him in *Sevre* china, which is very common at Paris, and which has probably become equally so in London, is the best likeness of him I have ever seen.

A Rough Sketch of Modern Paris.

At the review, my eye, aided by a good opera-glass, was fixed upon the first consul. I beheld before me a man, whose renown is sounded through the remotest regions of the earth, and whose exploits have been united, by the worshippers of favoured heroism, to the conqueror of Darius. His features are small and meagre: his countenance is melancholy, cold, and desperate: his nose is aquiline: his eyes are dark, fiery, and full of genius: his hair, which he wears cropped, and without powder, is black: his figure is small, but very muscular. He wore a blue coat, with broad white facings, and golden epaulets, the uniform of his regiment, a small cocked hat, in which was a little national cockade. His boots were made in the fashion of English riding-boots. These are destitute of military appearance. The reason, why they are preferred by the French officers, is, on account of the top leather not soiling the knees of the pantaloons, when in the act of putting one leg over the other. Buonoparte rode through the lines. His beautiful charger seemed conscious of the glory of his rider, and bore him through the ranks with a commanding and majestic pace. The colours of one of the regiments was stationed close under the window, where I had the good fortune of being placed. Here the hero stopped, and saluted them. At this time, I was close to him, and had the pleasure of completely

gratifying that curiosity, of beholding the persons of distinguished men, which is so natural to all of us.

Carr's Stranger in France.

I procured a place at a balcony, opposite the north-end of the *Pont neuf*, and, about noon, saw him and his whole train arrive. The guards, that preceded and followed him, were the finest, the best dressed, and the best mounted troops in France; and their number, as the attendants upon a *citizen*, were almost incredible!

The procession might be called fine, but it was not grand, even according to vulgar notions of grandeur; though it certainly was afflicting. Amid this military parade, he had the contemptible accompaniment of two running footmen, and four lacqueys, in rich liveries, that stood crowded behind his carriage; which was a common coach of Parisian manufacture, but drawn by eight horses. Even the French tradesmen, among whom I stood, who thought much of show, and who cared nothing for that, which most should have excited attention, after observing the horse-troops, that had passed, and were following and seeing this carriage, and the four footmen behind it, exclaimed, 'Ah! que c'est mesquin!'*

I have several times been close to his person. His stature is diminutive, his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks, that denote the labours of his mind. It is care-worn; but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his atrabilarious complexion, choler might certainly be predicted; but, from the sedateness of his eye, not of that sudden and impetuous kind, to which he is so very subject.

Holcroft's Travels.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

It is incident to me, when fatigued with many a prolix page through the day, to cheer the jaded mind at night with the sweets of poetry. I have lately formed a nosegay of *foreign* flowers which I hope will please others, as much as they have delighted me.

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Mute is thy wild harp, now, O bard sublime!
Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great nature taught to 'build the lofty rhyme,'
And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,
Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood
Fir'd with the love of freedom—not subdu'd
Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing Parasite is best approv'd,
Was not for thee——indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit; and no longer mov'd
By all the ills on which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them 'the liberty it lov'd.'

TO AN OLD OAK.

Where thy broad branches brave the bitter north,
Like rugged, indigent, unheeded Worth,
Lo! Vegetation's guardian hands emboss
Each giant limb with fords of studded moss,
Clothing the bark with many a fringed fold
Begemm'd with scarlet shields and cups of gold,
Which to the wildest winds their webs oppose,
And mock the arrowy sleet or weltering snows.

But to the *warmer west* the woodbine fair,
With tassels that perfum'd the summer air
The mantling clematis, whose feathery bowers
Wav'd in festoons with nightshades purple flowers,
The silver weed whose corded fillets wove
Round thy pale rind, even as deceitful love
Of mercenary Beauty would engage
The dotard fondness of decrepit age;
All these that during summer's halcyon days
With their green canopies conceal'd thy sprays,
Are gone for ever; or, disfigur'd, trail
Their sallow relics in the autumnal gale;
Or o'er thy roots in faded fragments tost,
But tell of happier hours and sweetness lost!

Thus in fate's trying hour when furious storms
Strip social life of pleasure's fragile forms,
And awful justice, as his rightful prey
Tears luxury's silk, and jewel'd robe away:
While reads adversity her lesson stern,
And fortune's minions tremble as they learn;
The crowds around her gilded car that hung
Bent the lithe knee, and troul'd the honey'd tongue
Desponding face, or fly in pale despair
And scorn alone remembers that they were.

NOT SO INTEGRITY; unchang'd he lives
In the rude armour conscious honour gives
And dares with hardy front the troubled sky
IN HONESTY'S UNINJURED PANOPLY.
Ne'er on prosperity's enfeebling bed
On rosy pillows he repos'd his head,
But given to useful arts, his ardent mind
Has sought the general welfare of mankind;
To mitigate *their* ills his greatest bliss,
While studying *them* has taught him *what he is*:
He, where the human tempest rages worst,
And the earth shudders as the thunders burst;
Firm as thy northern branch, is rooted fast,
And if *he can't avert*, endures the blast.

SONNET

Written at Bristol Hot Wells.

Here from the restless bed of lingering pain,
The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave
And feels returning health and hope again,
Disperse the gathering shadows of the grave:
And here romantic rocks that boldly swell,
Fring'd with green woods, or stain'd with veins of ore
Call'd native genius forth, whose Heaven taught skill
Charm'd the deep echoes of the rifted shore.
But tepid waves, wild scenes, or summer air,
Restore the palsied fancy, woe deprest,
Check they the torpid influence of despair,
Or bid warm health reanimate the breast;
Where hope's soft visions have no longer part,
And whose sad inmate is a broken heart.

SONNET.

The fairest flowers are gone! for tempests fell
And with wild wing swept some unblown away
While on the upland lawn or rocky dell
More faded in the day stars ardent ray;
And scarce the copse, or hedge row shade beneath,
Or by the runnels grassy course, appear
Some lingering blossoms of the earlier year:
Mingling bright florets, in the yellow wreath
That Autumn with his poppies and his corn
Binds on his tawny temples—so the schemes
Rais'd by fond hope, in youths unclouded morn,
While sanguine youth enjoys delusive dreams
Experience withers: till scarce one remains
Flattering the languid heart, where only reason reigns!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A work of pre-eminent excellence, and peculiarly interesting to Parents and Pupils, has just appeared at New-York. While Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, was pursuing his studies at the University of Cambridge, the late illustrious Earl CHATHAM, his uncle, addressed to him a series of Letters on the momentous topics of Religion, Virtue, and Learning. These letters are conceived with all that spirit which we should expect from the British Demosthenes, and they are expressed, with all the energy and wisdom of a Mentor. The public are indebted for an early republication of this valuable book to Ezra Sargeant and Co. of New-York, who have procured from the press of S. Gould and Co. a very neat impression, scarcely inferior to the British original. The Editor, Lord Grenville, has dedicated these letters to Mr. PITT, the present prime minister of England. The dedication is expressed in such language, as one great man should use to another, not in the nauseous cant of republican hypocrisy, but in the bold and harmonious tone of dignity and truth.

When you expressed to me your entire concurrence in my wish to print the following letters, you were not apprised that this address would accompany them. By you it will, I trust, be received as a testimony of affectionate friendship. To others the propriety will be obvious of inscribing with your name a publication, in which Lord Chatham teaches how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed.

GRENVILLE.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Harrington's Oceana was well adapted to that age, when the plans of *imaginary republics* were the daily subjects of debate and conversation, and even in our time it is justly admired as a work of genius and *invention*. The idea, however, of a perfect and immortal commonwealth, will always be found as *chimerical*, as that of a perfect and immortal man.

—

Pope seems literally and strictly to have fulfilled the precept of Horace, in each of its circumstances.

Multa tulit, fecitque *Puer;*

he was laborious and indefatigable in his pursuits of learning;

Sudavit et alsit,

and, above all, what is of the greatest consequence in preserving each faculty of the mind in due vigour

Abstinuit *venere* et *vino.*

These are the two temptations to which a youthful bard is principally subject, and into whose snares he generally falls. If the imagination be lively, the passions will be strong. True genius seldom resides in a cold and phlegmatic constitution. The same temperament and the same sensibility that make a poet or a painter will be apt to make a man a lover and a debauchee.

—

GREAVE'S 'INVALID.'

The veteran author of the 'Spiritual Quixotte,' and many other useful and amusing publications, has recently beguiled the tedium of old age, by writing a little book with the above title, and endeavouring to shew from his own example, that Exercise and Temperance will most effectually contribute to the prolongation of life. From a number of pleasant passages, we cannot refuse our readers the pleasure of perusing the following.

[*Imitated from Integer Vitæ.*]

The man, who leads a sober life,
Obsequious to his careful wife,
Abstains from all high season'd food,
And drinks no more, than does him good.

He needs no case of costly drams,
Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams,
Much less the pills, which quacks may puff,
Nor *poisonous draughts of doctor's stuff.

Whether through half-starv'd France he goes,
Or traversing th' unmelting snows,
That crown the Alps and Appennines,
On frogs and stinking rabbits dines,
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous flood,
Where Tartars feed on horses' blood.

For, late on my return to college,
The seat of temperance and knowledge,
A spotted †fiend, with fevers arm'd,
And poisonous breath, the town alarm'd,
No lynx, or leopard, fiercer ranges
Among the Hindoos, on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fam'd banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treacherous crocodile.

---

* Ah! how paltry!

* Nec *venenatis* gravida sagittis, &c.
† The small-pox.

Yet, taking temperance to my aid,
Undaunted through close lanes I stray'd,
And brav'd the monster, void of fear,
He found no food for fevers here.

Place me amid the eternal frost,
That reigns on Lapland's desart coast,
Where not a flower, or cheerful green,
Or scarce a cabbage-stem is seen;
But clouds and fogs, and darkness drear,
Obscure and sadden half the year.
Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where scarce a crazy hut is known,
To temperance, while my vows I pay,
And sing her praise, and offspring gay;
Fair health my cares shall still beguile,
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.

—

A quack, who, not much fam'd for skill,
Did seldom cure, nay sometimes kill;
Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle, fill'd with *stuff*,
To raise his fortune and his pride,
And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
His family *coat*, long since worn out,
What arms to take, was all the doubt.
A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answer'd, with a sly grimace:
'Take some device in your own way;
'Neither too solemn, nor too gay:
'Three ducks, suppose, white, gray, or black,
'And be your motto—*Quack, quack, quack!*'

—

[The following anecdote will expose the folly and falsehood of those calumniating levellers, who have asserted that Louis the sixteenth was a weak man, and

——————"Born
Only to eat up the corn."]

While this unfortunate prince was confined in the Temple, he was accustomed to rise at six o'clock in the morning; and, having employed himself for a short time in devotion, he read till nine. He then attended his fellow prisoners, while they took their first meal; but he did not himself take any refreshment, before dinner. After his return to his own apartment, he gave his son lessons in geography and latin. After dinner he read till supper. During five months of imprisonment he read two hundred and fifty-seven volumes, many of which were the Roman Classics. He read these with facility, and was both a scientific and classical scholar. Could a man have been very simple, who could read and relish the sublime authors of antiquity, or who, in the season of impending death, was capable of replying with calm courage to the insolence of Tanterre, and the threats of ferocious soldiers?

—

TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Wrapt from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy *Genius* to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or mid yon plains where fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green embroidered stream?
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolved in fairy dream.
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where nature treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tower with ivy crowned,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hearest thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy melifluous song?

—

Two men, named *Turner* and *Ivory*, have been committed by the police magistrates. The former is supposed to have *worked* on the latter to suit his nefarious *designs*. *Lon. pap.*

—

A person ignorant of geography would conjecture that *Bom-bay* was somewhere in the *back settlements*. *Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 11th July, after a very short indisposition, Mrs. JULIANA HAZLEHURST, consort of Isaac Hazlehurst, Esq. of this city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Gentleman of this city, who had in his possession a blank-book, which once belonged to the poet SHENSTONE, gave it to Mr. MOORE, with the ensuing address.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Some gentle god inspires thy clay,
And smiles in every look;
He breathes in every melting lay,
Nor grieves for heav'n forsook.

When the soft, tender sighs of love
Are bursting from thy soul;
'Tis Cupid blooming from above,
We feel the god's controul.

And, when with gay, fantastic mirth,
You scatter sweet delight;
'Tis Bacchus revelling on earth,
Chaste, beautiful, and bright.

Impassion'd child of love and joy,
May both forever smile;
And mix thy cup without alloy,
Thy pleasures without guile.

This sacred page, for Shenstone's muse design'd
Shall drink the sweeter transports of thy mind.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1804.

MR. EDITOR,

The following pieces written by an American prisoner in Tripoli, have been lately forwarded to me, from thence, by a friend of mine, an officer of the late frigate Philadelphia. I herewith subjoin an extract from the letter accompanying them, which contains the only account of their author I have yet received; and if you deem them worthy a place in your Miscellany, you will be pleased to insert them.

Yours, &c.

Tripoli, Bashaw's Castle, March 28, 1804.

I cannot omit mentioning a *marine*, whose extraordinary merit has attracted the attention and notice of all the officers; his name is Ray; has once been in very good circumstances, but misfortunes have brought him low, and obliged him to enter on board of a man of war, in the capacity of a *private in the marine corps*. His story he keeps secret; he is much of a poet; since he has been a prisoner, he has written several pieces of considerable merit, amongst others, there is one on 'HILLIARD,' a seaman who died in a prison a few days ago, another called 'The American captive in Tripoli,' both of which I send you, and, in my opinion, they are well worth reading.

Yours, &c.

G.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF HILLIARD.

Hilliard of painful life bereft,
Is now a slave no more;
But, here no relative has left,
His exit to deplore.

No parent, no fond brother stands
Around his clay-cold bed;
No wife, with tender trembling hands,
Supports his dying head.

No sister follows, or attends,
His melancholy bier;
Nor, from a lover's eye descends,
The soft distilling tear:

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,
Surround him as he dies;
A horror to his fainting mind,
And to his closing eyes.

What though no monumental stone
Bespeaks a guilty name;
By splendid trophies basely won
Damn'd to eternal fame:

Yet, if an honest heart he wore
If virtue's paths he trod;
He was, so poets sung of yore,
The noblest work of God.

His fellow pris'ners strove to cheer,
His sad departing soul,
And bade the sympathetic tear,
In free profusion roll.

Mourn not, 'twas heaven's all-wise behest,
And merciful decree,
That gave his wearying sorrows rest,
And sate the captive free.

—

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE

IN TRIPOLI.

Ye lurid domes! whose tott'ring columns stand
Marks of the despot's desolating hand;
Whose weed-grown roofs, and mould'ring arches show,
The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;
In every ruin, every pile, I find
A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind,
Your dreary cells expressive silence break,
Echo to groans, and eloquently speak:—
'The christian's blood cements the stones he rears
This clay was moisten'd with the christian's tears,
Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,
Felt the keen scourge, and worn the ruthless chain;
While scoffing foes encreasing tortures pour,
'Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more,
E'en here thy sons, America, are found,
Lock'd in foul prisons, and in fetters bound.'

Heavens! what are times! must free Columbians bow,
Before yon tinsell'd tyrant's murky brow!
Cringe to a power, which death and rapine crown?
Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown!
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,
Enrich'd by spoils, and stain'd with human gore?
To pirate fiends obsequious homage pay;
Their presence honour, and their will obey?
Endure the lash, the ponderous load sustain!
Suppress their anger, and their threats restrain?
Leave a rich clime? explore the treacherous waves,
The sport of miscreants, and the slave of slaves?

Heavens! at the sight, each patriot captive glows
With virtuous hatred, on his country's foes;
At every blow, indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.

But heaven is just; tho' man's bewilder'd mind,
To the dark ways of Providence is blind;
Else, why are some ordain'd above the rest!
Or villains treated better than the best?
Why martyred virtue! hang thy injur'd head?
Why liv'd an Arnold, while a Warren bled?
Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressors reign,
While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain.
Yet slumb'ring justice soon shall wake, and show
Her sword unsheath'd, and bend the hostile bow;
Columbia's genius hover round each son,
And thy blest shade, immortal Washington;
Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,
And heaven defend, and angels interpose;
Devoted tyrants cause our wrath to feel,
And Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel,
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
And despotism fall, to rise no more.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS,*

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Addressed to Mrs. H..... at Norfolk, Virginia.

[Mrs. H...., the lady of the British consul, is remarkable for the beauty and redundance of her flowing tresses. Our gallant poet complained that such hair should ever be restrained by the bandeau of Fashion, and requested that he might be gratified by seeing those auburn locks 'unbound and free.' The lady graciously granting this boon, the delighted and sensitive bard immediately wrote the ensuing impromptu.]

I prithee, bind that hair again,
Oh! do not think that many men
  Are blest with Joseph's coldness:
Run not the risk our souls to damn,
By sights, which (*pious* as I am)
  Would tempt e'en *me* to boldness.

I've often seen those locks of gold,
In brightest, dearest tresses roll'd,
  Yet sat quite cool beside you;
Each ringlet, by the graces drest,
The dev'l and you did all your best,
  Yet still I have defied you.

But oh! 'twould ruin saints to see
Those tresses thus, unbound and free,
  Adown your shoulders sweeping;
They put *such thoughts* into one's head,
Of dishabille, and night, and bed,
  And ..... any thing but sleeping!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

By Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq.

A Poetical Epistle to a friend, uncommonly susceptible of the charms of the Fair, and who frequently fell desperately in love, at the first sight of a fine woman.

With mute attention lend your ear,
To hear, 'and reverence what you hear,'
While truths more precious I unfold,
Than splendid gems, incas'd in gold.
I wish no friend of mine to own
The nerve of steel, the heart of stone,
But Beauty's willing votary bow
Nor blush allegiance to avow.
When angry clouds life's sun o'ercast,
Preluding rude Misfortune's blast;
When doubts perplex and cares annoy,
And bar each avenue of joy;
When the pale victim of disease,
Which baffled art cannot appease,
Torn by Affliction's sharpest thong,
Till Hope has ceas'd her syren song,
Beholds pale Horror's spectred form
Rise moaning in the midnight storm.
The fairer sex possess the power
To tranquilize the torturing hour,
And bid mild Sympathy impart
A cordial to the bursting heart.
  To cheer with smiles the vale of woe
Is not the only power they know;
But oft it is their sweet employ
To light with love the lamp of joy.
'Tis theirs in pleasure's brightest noon,
The fibres of the heart to tune
To tones of rapture, which might even
Prelude the harmony of heaven.
Then should you find a fair one true
To *love*, to *nature* and to *you*;
What time, a thousand tender arts
Denotes a unison of hearts;
When half-express'd, half-stifled sighs
And timid glance from down-cast eyes
Appear, expressively unique,
With crimson flush of beauty's cheek;
And all in tender love proclaim
That hopes and wishes are the same:
Unite assenting hearts and hands
In gentle Hymeneal bands:
Then shall fresh rapture crown each day,
Till life and love at once decay.
  But ne'er commence in Love's career,
With silly plainings for your dear;
Nor sit on moss-grown bank and snivel,
Because Miss Sylva is uncivil;
Nor tell to every brawling brook
She petrified you with a look;
Nor think it right to hang or drown,
In consequence of Laura's frown;
Nor make your fair in prose or metre,
A 'monstrous pretty' sort of creature;
Ransack the store house of dame Nature,
To find some simile to mate her;
Nor conjure up, with deal of pains,
From *vasty deep* of poets' brains,
A heathenish kind of wizard battery,
To take her heart by dint of flattery.
That Venus, Dian and the rest,
Compar'd with her, are second best.
For if she's sense, a single grain,
That sort of *stuff* will all be vain.
She'll say your compliments so smart,
Are from the head, but not the heart;
And with your wear and tear of brains,
You've got 'your labour for your pains.'

* Published from the author's manuscript.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
  Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
  Till the last hearts' drop fill mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
  And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal,
  Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
  But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
  And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
  For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
  We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
  Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
  No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
  The glittering dreams of youth are past,
And, long before it reach its noon,
  The sun of life is overcast.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines on visiting a spot, which recalled to mind happier days.

O dear recollection of those happy hours
  When here I was wont with my Fanny to stray!
When my path-way of life seem'd strew'd over with flow'rs,
  And bright was the sun that illumin'd my day.

But, sad recollection! past, past are forever
  Those hours of delight, of contentment and love;
Again shall they bless my sad destiny never,
  Or the pang of regret from my bosom remove.
Thou; mem'ry, beguilst the poor heart while it gladdens,
  And gildst for a moment the face of despair;
But reflect once again, and it cruelly saddens,
  And turns fairy prospects to visions of care.

ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FRAGMENT OF A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma, quibus nulla, nisi in armis relinquitur spes. LIVY.

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where Justice flies the herald of our way,
And Truth's pure beams upon the banners play!

Yes there's a call, sweet as an an angel's breath,
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death,
And urgent, as the tongue of Heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG OF DEATH.

Farewel, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies;
  Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewel, loves and friendships, the dear, tender ties;
  Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
  Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrants! but know,
  No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
  Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
  He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In fields of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
  Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
  O! who would not die with the brave!

EPITAPH.

FROM THE GREEK.

Take to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain,
With much hard labour in thy service worn:
He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,
And he these olives, that the vale adorn.

He fill'd with grain the glebe, the rills he led
Through this green herbage and those fruitful bowers;
Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,
His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

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